

Here begynneth
the hystory of the ba-

lynes knyght, Syr Glendrag.





Let us nowe thank god for our salutare
Sfellys that before vs were
that lyued in lande and dede
Yer Christ heauen kyng
Grant them all his dere blessinge
And heauen to their mede
Ye shall well heare of a knyght
that was in warre full kynght
And doughtyce of his dede
His name was syr Isenbras
Man nobler then he was
Lyued none with breade
He was lyuely, large and longe
With sholders broade, and armes stronge
That myghtie was to see
He was a hardy man and hys
All men hym loued that hym se
For a gentyl knyght was he
Knyghtes loued hym in halle
With other minstreys all
For he gaue them godes and les
He was as cuttosse as men myght thynke
Lyberall of meate and drinke
In the morgenne was mones to see
He hadde a ladye full of beaute
And also full of charite
As any ladye myght be
Betwene them ther had they no tyme
Fayrer fayres myght no man se
Under the cope of heauen
For worldly weith, and pypde he sell

On God be myngot myngadent.
For onghostly thynge
So longe he styned in that pryde
No longer woulde our Lorde abyde
So after it befell on a daye
that thys knyght went hym to playe
Hys foreest for to see
As he loked vp on hys
He sawe an aungell in the skye
Whiche toward hym dyd flye
I sen bras he sayde there
Thou hast forgotten what thou were
For pryde and golde and see
Before our lorde sayth to thes so
All thy good ihou muste forgo
as thou shalt here after se
The woldes welch shall fro the fall
Ihou shalt lose thy chldren all
And all thy landes free
thy lady goodlyest of all
For scare of syre shall flye thy hall
Thys daye or thou her se
The knyght fel doun vpon his kne
Underneath an Olyntre
And helde vp both his handes
And then agayne thus sayde he
Lorde God in trinitie
Welcomme be thy sonnes
Welple I am yng, I maye wellgo
when I am olde, I maye not so
Though that I sayne woulde

Therefore

LOCK AND PROFESSION

In youth send me aduersitie
And not when I am olde
The aungel toke fro thence his sight
And left alone that carefull nyght
From hym he wente his waye
When the aungell was pale his sight
His strenges sede that was so bright
Dead vnder hym laye
His haukes and houndes that he fed
They wasted and were all deade
They brought to hym no p;ay
Home on soke he muste gone
The teares fell from his chekes aone
Out of his eyengtaye
Home to de aone he can wende
There met he with his meyny hende
Before hym on a roone
Syr, they sayde we tell you playne
With aduers all youre besses ben slaine
With venyme are they blowne
The houres your capons hath you bereste
The thunder hath you no beast leste
For to put in your plough
They wepte sore with semblant yll
Syr I schubas bade them be ayll
I blame you not of this wo
For he that sende me all this wo
He maye sende me misches mo
And shall do well ynowgh
Let your sorowe all cease

Entorce poureliche to do in pece
And mercy as hit be on hōwe
He went forth to bestad
There met he with a lytle lad
That came rennyng hym againe
Well worse he hym tolde
Went byn all thy bowres holde
Many of thy men he slayne
There is nothyng left onlyne
But thy chyldren and thy wyfe
They fled for feare of fyre
Quod I senbras so mote I thine
For these tydyinges also blyne
I geue thee all that I were
His purse caste he to hym belyue
The lade hym thanked ofteusyche
For his gifte so great
The knyght unto the towne went
He saue his place was all to brent
A lewe and playne with the stree
A dolosfull sight than gan he se
Hys wyfe and his chyldren thre
Out of the fyre were fled
There they late vnder a thorne
Bare and naked as they wer borne
Brought out of theyn bed
A woful man than was he
Whan he them same all naked be
The lady sayde also blyne
For nothyng sy; be ye a drade
Bedyd of his sarcote of pallade

With full mylde stode
His scarlet mantell than shone he
Wherin he closed bys clyp'd; & shone
that naked before hym stode
Madame he sayde do my rede
Weke we where Christ was quicke and dead
On the mount of Calvary
Who so that hym settie that dyed on rode
Eche daye of his lyves hode
Faith and sure shall he be
With a sharpe knyf he ware
A croise vpon his sholdier bare
In stury as we saye
all they that his frendes were
They wrye and wraue their handes ther
they songe was well a wrye
The lord and the ladye Denys
take they wrye for to wendys
Upon the same daye
Whan that they do grace making
For them were bothe young and yong
Both wrye, wrydys man and wrydys
They bare wryt chyn, no maner of chyn
that was wryt to a factypage
Cattell, golden etc
But mchylp they asked before to wate
Whete that they myght it gret
For lanyt chepys
Dewen landes they gan thronand wate
By goddes succors wrydys amysse

They that see bad welch and wyr
the hardes binger that they were
Great sorwe it mythe
In a fewe

... were they wete a wylde
cowe & myghe they get none tyre
metp and in a they wete
These dayes were come and gone
There was nor drynke founde they none
The chyldren wept so sore
They eate nothing that came of corse
But beryes and bowes of the thorn
Amonge the holces bare
then cam a man a water by betwene
Dyer woulde they layne haue bene
Then begane they to care
His eldest sonne he toke theare
And ouer the water ded hym beate
And set hym under a blidge of bromme
He layde him theron and a man
Cyll 3 for to by the bren late
121 ap 1212 with a bromme
the knyght toke a pace full good
And falle set yed betwene the add
His myddle sonne he mante
An thare hym ouer the water wile
A Lyon toke bys eldest chyld
Dy he to the lande come
the knyght mett the late
In to the wylde water
thence agayne that daye

Georges

Leopardo came and toke the other
The chyldre that was the myngle brother
And with hym wente awaye
The lady cried loude and shyll
Loth she was het lyfe to spyll
On lande there she laye
the knyght had this lady be styll
We shall do after gods wyl
for sorowe theyr hertes were sore
Then both the chyldren losse were
Hys louely somes two
This lady was won to ryde in a chayre
On his backe he her ouer bare
His yonge sonne also
borough a foreste dayes thre
They wente towarde the quicke see
Wonders wery and wo
As they stode on the lande
They sawe come saylyng by the see sande
thre hundred shypes and mo
And as they on the lande stode
they loked farther in the stede
Salleys they sawe come glyde
With topcastels lyke on losse
With streamers of lande losse
Lyke a prynce proude of pryd
In heythen kynges was ther ein
That christendome was come to wyn
the Soudan he woulde lande
Up in an hauen at the woddes ende
The knyght he founde that lyde

B. f.

Hys

þis þat alyme all by þyngye
Many men salme he rene and tyde
He sayde unto his ladye see
what men are these þynke ye
I heare a myghty steven
Through this forest haue we gone
Meate nor drinke found we none
Of all these dafessleuen
Go we and aske them some meate
If that we maye any gette
For goddes loue of heauen
Towarde the galley gan thei gone
therin sat the sowdan
In wredes wortely brought
He asked of them lyues fode
For his loue ihat dyed on the rode
And made this woldes of nought
þan the kynges herde hym crye
soughly he sayde he is a spye
That thus farre hath vs sought
I byd you bese hym awaie
For they beleue not on our lape
Of me get they ryght nought
A knyght kneled before the kynges
And sayd it is a pytiful chyng
That poore penaunce to se
He semeth a man so gentyll and fre
though he be in necessitie
It is ruth and pytie
His eyen are gray as any glasse
were he as well fedde as euer he was

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Thys twylfe as whype as whales bone
though she wiche weeping be ouergone
She is as white as blosome on tre
thesowdan sayde, and him bethaughte
Let them before me be brought
I will them se with sighte
no man he them sawe his heart was dete
so worthy as they both were
that they ne were clathed a righte
than dyd the sowdan to hym saye
Man wylt thou beleue on my lare
and with me go to syghte
Forsake thy Christendome for aye
and beleue on Mahoundes lare
and then I wyl doubtte the a knyghte
Siyll stodesyr Isenbras
And sawe a sowdan that he was
than sayde he playnly naye
I shall never bee he then bounde become
No warre againste Christendome
therfore to bye thys daye
Create wayes we halfe to gone
Create ne drynke haue we none
Re penye for to paye
Syr helpe vs so ouerlynes fode
For hys loue that dyed on rode
and let vs walke a waye
thesowdan sawe the ladye there
She thought an atungell that she were
that had bene in heauen

B. 16.

Be

And I wyl geue the golde and g
More than thou cane meane
I wyl geue thee an hundreth pounde
Of fayre florence rede and rounde
And red robes seuen
She shalbe quene of all my lande
And all my men to serue to her hande
No man withstande her steuen
Syr Isenbras sayde nayre
My wylle wyl I not sell awaie
thy men shall synt me no
I wedded her as I you saye
To holde her to my endinge daye
With in trele and in wo
And hundreth pound of fayre florence
the Sowdane layde in his presence
And set bys hys wif hym fro
The golde agayne syr Isenbras castle
ther soe his rives was nere hand bras
And made his body all ble
assone after as he myght stande
He toke hys sonne by the hande
A sorwe man was he
than was the maner there
With gres and acres for to fare
With that lady so free
The Sowdane with his owne hande
Crowned her quene of Suckye lande
And sent her ouer the see
to her the crowne thus he hande.

Though I come never to thee
When the shyppe was cedy there
Myth they? fraught awaie to fare
The ladye fell on her knee
Syr Sowdan she sayde thare
For her loue that Jesu bare
A bowne graunt ye me
Geue me leue with my lord
That I might speake one wod
Aboute a priuie thyng
the Sowdan calld hym agayne
Cherof was the lady fayne
Her token was a ryng
there was ioye to se them mete
with killinge & with clypping sweete
to shyppe whan she was go
she sayde alas wo is me
That I ne droune in these
Shall we departe in two
In that lande that I am in
If that ye come it sor to byn
the Sowdan wyll I slo
syr ye shall be kyng with crofne
Over castell, towre and towne
And recouer all your wo
Meate and drinke she dyd hym geue
ther wyth a seuen nyght for to lyng
Hys yonge sonne and he
Then this ladye meke and myld
Kyssed hym, and than her chyldes

B.iii.

Cham.

Than seonid the cynges core
they drewe vp sayle of bright hem
The wynde them soone to surry blets
the knyght hym on the lande set
He syghed and wepte with teates great
whyle he the sayle myght se
He toke his sonne by the hande
And so; th he went vpon the lande
amonge the holtes bye
He swarmed vp into a tree
whyle eyther of them myght other se
tho were there herkes sore
Meate and drynke forth he drowe
and gaue his yonge sonne ynowe
That was an hungred sore
In the mantell amonge the breade
He layed his gold that was so reade
and with hym he it bare
Than he came to an hryll full hye
there he thought all night to lye
Farther go he ne myght
On the morow in Iohan it was daye
In Egle hath the golde awaye
For the read clothes syghte
Isenbras than a waked he
and folowed the sole to the gretes see
there gan the sole ouer see
Or he returned, an Unicorne
the yonge chylde awaye had borne
Amonge the holtes bye
the knyghte afore was often wo

But

He set hym on a stone
Lord he sayde wotis me
For my wyfe and my chyldren thē
Howe am I lreste alone
¶ he kynge that bare of thorne the crowne
Wylle me a waye vnto the towne
For all a myl he haue I gone
He ne wist what he do myght
But for sorowe he sore syght
With mourninge made his mone
Alone he walked by a lowe
A fayre syre salwe he glowe
He prayed the of brede for charite
They sayde labour for so do we
We haue none other plowe
¶ he answered the knyghte agayne
Hyr so wyl I certayne
Faste he bare and faste he drowe
¶ they taught hym to turne the stone
and bade hym spedē that he had done
¶ than had he shame ynone
This man toke laboure hym vpon
¶ till the syntere was gone
For his lyupnge wrought he so
By that tyme could he make a syng
And toke he mannes syre
For he wrought more than two
all the longe seuen yeare
A smythes manne was he there
and yet thē monethes to

By that he had hym armure bygge
All that longed to a knyght
To the water with hym to go
That seven yeare I vnderlande
the Sowdan was in chyffen lande
Tyll they puruayed a battayll stronge
the Sarasyns to abyde
A daye of battayle there was set
Wher he chyffen and heynchen met
A lytell there besyde
In the same armure hysenbras broughte
And on a crooked caple that coles broughte
Hym selfe to battayle gan ryde
He rode vnder an hyll so hye
Chyffen and heynchen both he se
that the two kynges had broughte
The halle was arayed in toyall araye
Labouris and trumpettes herde he play
And launces lisse on loste
Syr Isenbras with herte fre
Set hym doun upon his kne
In Iesu was his thought
to sende hym grace in that felde
That false Sowdan for to yelde
For the two that he hym broughte
Syr Isenbras ancke vp stode
Knyght eger was he of mode
Sore dinte he gatne certarne
It sprange as sparle out of synne
there myght no man withstande his dynt
Tyll hys caple was slayne

noham

¶ In earle out of the batayle hym brought
Upon an hygh mountayne
¶ This earle there chaunged his wede
And set hym on a good bede
Then went he fast agayne
¶ Bytonge bede he gan scide
In to the hoaste than gan tyde
Wher deide he dentes sore
He felled all that before hym rode
And those that he knocked on the hood
He felwe for eftmire
¶ He rode up to the hygh mountayne
The Sowden he hadde some slayne
And many that with hym were
All the daye lastid that night
¶ Syr Isenbras that noble knyght
Wan the batayle there
¶ He chylden bynge was full fayne
Whan the Sowden was slayne
With Sarassins great plenty
¶ He sayde whence is that noble knyght
That all this tolke hath slayne in syghte
¶ Right sayde woulde I hym se
Knyghtes hene sone he sought
And at the lalle he was forth brought
Sore wounded was he
What arte thou sayde the kyngie than
¶ Syr quod he as myhes man
To defende thee in syghte
¶ Chou halce he sayde haue meat and drynke

L. i.

the

¶ I will thou haue recorded myght
¶ And he kynges sware by this lyght.
¶ Whan thy wondres whol be
¶ I shall thee make a bryght
¶ In a neury they dyd hym leue
¶ To heale his wondres that dyd hym greate
¶ That he had in syght
¶ The Nonnes of hym were full sayng
¶ Because he had the Sowdai slayne
With many a Deachen hounde.
¶ On his sorowe they cam to we
And euery day with hys solies newe
¶ To heale therwith his wondres
They instreake hym cutteosly.
¶ So he was healed lyghtly
Within a lylle stoundes.
¶ He betbought hym full well
¶ That no longer he woulde ther dwel
When he was whol and sounde
¶ He purveyed hym scrip and pyke
And made hym selfe palmet lyke.
¶ Ready sor to wende
¶ He toke his leane withouten lese
¶ Farre thanking the prioresse
With all the Nonnes hende
¶ The ryght way than toke he
¶ Cyll he came to the quicke see
With scripe and burdon blyue
¶ A shyppe founde he ready thare
Into acres sor to fare.

Digitized by

Wher er in the crypte
When ther had access hente
Both wet and wety vp they went
Into the crypte he yede
Sellen yeate he was palmer thore
With hunger chil, and syghting sore
In Romaynes as we crede
Ryght as he went, even so he laye
In the nyght as on the daye
In poore palmers weede
Although the flesh lyked yll
Gods wyl he wold fulfyll
For his synfull deede
Through the crypte gan he gone
Meate nor dynke gate he none
Nor house to lode in
Besyde the doore of Bethlem
He set hym by a well strem
Cyll the day was dymme
As he late and sore syght
There came an aungell about mydnyght
And brought hym bread and wyne
Isenbras he saydlysten unto mee
Our lord hath pardon graunted to thes
Forgotten are synnes thyne
None reste the weylsyn Isenbras
Forgotten is all thy erres
Shortly for to sayng
My Lorde is heauen kyng
Hath the gauen hys blesynge
And hyddeth the turne agayne

L.11.

the

At the knyght on his knyghtlynesse set
And Christ of heaven kyng he grata.
Of the tydynge he was layne
At the aungell leste hym then alone
then wylde he not wherther to gone.
But walked on the playne
the kinges landes he went thorum.
Cyl he came to a ryche borow
A sayre castle there stode.
He herde tell there woned a quene
A sayre lady bright and shyne
and great wode of her yode.
Every daye she made a dole
Of many florences, golde and hole
who so woulde it felche.
Lord sayde I senbras so free
Myghe none get well were me.
Byther money or meat
when he came to the castell gate.
Many poore folke he sawe therat
that were come the golde to take
the quene a florence to eche one toke.
Sayre I senbras it not forsoke.
But myr dyd he make
Poore men that myght ylgo.
She toke in fiftye and mo
whiche that fellesse were
and in they toke syre I senbras
Wele and wery as he was
On hym they rued sore
the quene crowned at meat safe.

Myght

þyngtes ferued þerforoþ
þin ryche robes of pall
A cloth on the floore was layde
this poore palmer the Kewarde sayde
þall syt aboue you all
Ryche meat there was brought
So ell he late and ate right nouȝt
But loked about the hall
so muche he sawe of game and gle
wher in he was wont to be
the teares he let fall
Then to a knyght the lady cam saye
fetche forth a chayre and a quisshion
and set the poore palmer therin
that he me tell maye
Of many aijentures that he hath sens
In dyuers landes where he hath bene
By many a wylde waye
None the chaire was forth set
the poore palmer therin was set
and tolde her of his laye
Many maruels he her tolde
then she him asked whether he woulde
full sayne woulde she wyt
Byche meates to hym were brought
then the quene great wonder thought
why he woulde not eate
He sayde to hym in great disperte
þyng Palmer be of good comforþ
þe noþyng þat ye dredde

For his soule shold was no.
 I will the finde at bed and borde
 Fayre to cloth and feede
 At thyne eale thou haue be
 with much mirth gante and gle
 Both early and late
 A clene chambre and a layre
 and a man to serue thee
 Within the castle gate
 Sir Isenbras also shold
 On knees before that lady fell
 And sayde comely quene
 Here vnto I graunt we
 Of my pardon the halfe deale
 In places where I haue bene
 Thus the palmer dwelled there
 Till that he was hole in here
 And seruyd in the hall
 He was so fayre and hye
 that other had at hym enuye
 And strong he was with all
 A turnement there was byd
 They hysed hym on a fayrestede
 and he conquered them all
 Certaynly as I you saye
 Many a tawysyn be new that daye
 Under the castle walles
 when that he came to the felde
 None was so bolde vnder shielde
 That durst abyde his strenges
 Some he gaue such a stroke certayne

Other song he made sore blode.
Some he caste over the lake
Of some both necke and backe he brake
They fled from hym for dredre
the ladye sayng that fast lough
and sayde my palmer is strong enough
And worthy for to fyde
So it befell vpon a daye
lyr Isenbras wente hym to plape
As it was his kynde
In heccons neste he sawe on hym
A redde clothe therin he se
Mewing with the wypde
Up to the tree he canne wynne
Hys owne man tell he founde therin
Hys golde there can he fynde
when he se the reade golde
wherfore hys ladye was folde
Then was he moode of mynde
he golde into the chambre he bare
Under his heade he putte it there
hen weyng he went a waye
Euer when he the golde can se
Hys songe was well alwaye
were he never of thereso good
whan he in hys chamber yode
After he wepte all the daye
So longe he ledde there bys lyfe
monge hys sarasyns that were ryfe
thento the quene they can saye

Unto hys chamber to see the kyng
More weeping as I were
Four knyghtes brake the chamber doore
And founde the golde in the Rose
and tolde it to the quene
Besyng the quene the golde was brought
For whiche the Dowdan her bought
Mysyrs Isenbras
Though it agayn hys wyl were
the sendale also saue she there
That her lordes was
when he the sendale sawe with sight
Christe sowned that lady bryght
For she before it had sene
Often she syghed and sayde alas
this ought a knyght syr Isenbras
That my lord was wont to be
Unto the knyght there she tolde
How that she for golde was tolde
Her lord was beaten there
Wher ye maye the palmet se
Byd hym come and speke with me
thereto me longeth sore
The palmet came into the hall
Unto counsell the dyo hym call
and asked hym right ther
How that he the golde wan
And wher he were a gentleman
and in what countre he was borne
With carfull herte and dewfull cheare

¶ Drinke her before
¶ The first tale that he her tolde
¶ Madame therfore my wypse was tolde
¶ I do you to understande
¶ Thre children haue I lere
¶ My manstel was awaie bore
¶ In a neste it founde
¶ Who had the lady great solare
¶ She fel in swyng, so layne she was
¶ When they together mete
¶ There was myrh to se them mete
¶ With clapping and kylling swete
¶ In armes for to tolde
¶ Byther of other was so fayne
¶ They wold it no longer layne
¶ To the knyghtes they it tolde
¶ Byche brydale byd they byd
¶ Both riche and poore byther yde
¶ Woulde none them selfe with holde
¶ Syr Isenbras was caped kyng
¶ And crownd kyng, that he was kyng
¶ With a gape garlande of golde
¶ Than was bynges syr Isenbras
¶ Of more welth then euer he was
¶ Thre landes had he there
¶ His chyldernome he can kyng
¶ And sondes tely spech
¶ To them that heathen wete
¶ The Beathen were at one assente

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四百

þe that to þe country com
re hem to hange or brene
They sayde that what man to hym wente
þouldre þrynke his waye vll be spente
None woulde come to hym than
A daye of battayle there was set
þereto both Christen and Heathen met
þy 3 sembras to slo
After sarasins ganþe sente
They mused lawes for to defende
þere came Heathen kynges two
þy 3 sembras made hym pare
Agaynst the sarasins for to fare
With hym ther was no mo
When he was arm'd on his fede
Hys felke hym sayled at his neðe
And fast fled hym fro
þy 3 sembras curtoys and bene
þe oke bybleaue of hys quene
And after syghed full sore
He loked on her with open graye
And sayd madame haue good dare
For now and euer more
þe ladye sayd vnto the knyght
I woulde I were in armure bright
Welch you that I myght fare
þe god woulde the grace sende
þat we myght together wende
þen gone were all my care
None was the lady dyghte
In armure as she were a myghte.

Agynnytyn by thousand Saracyns and inn
Of christen came but ther two
Alone into the syde
He sawe them semble as I you saye
With brandes bright and banners gaye
He hewed and he helde
That cursed people false offaye
Towarde hym made great ataye
With weapon and with syde
And he hewed on a hylle
Bugles blaste and trumpettes hylle
And her swidcs her he shoute
They sayde raynor stande thou syr
Edward knyght we shall the hylle
Thou mayst well rede for doue
Quod Ilenbras I make a dove
Unto my lord sweete Jesu
I shall not stie this syght
Whyle I maye in syrope stande
With heame on head, and speare in hande
With brande that is so brighte
The ladye shone by many myde
Agynne the saracyns that were so myde
She woulde do her myghte
At his daye to batteye wylle leste
He hewe on head, with syde and speare
So confuted she that knyght
Syr Ilenbras his course toke with delyte
And about hym fiercely can myte
As a wapone wood and wyrge

¶ The Sowdan was out of his wye
when he saw that syghe
through the hole thon let he crye
what man might with mistic.
¶ To grounde him sellome
He shold him geue hym landes truly
Fro Jassa to Alexande
Both citle, towre and towne
¶ Of all the whole Sowdans hole
Was ther none that durst make boaste
Battarie hym to byd
they gaue the Sowdan cowncell all
¶ By hole hole at once let on hym fall
And strike hym doun and hym fede
the Sowdan did ther to assene
With batteg, and with bowes hene
¶ They falle at him can laye
Hys Isenbras good luer le lente
the quene a swerde in her hand hene
And deale her bole that daye
that daye that ladye and the knyghte
Agayn the Sowdan he de stonge syghe
through grace that God them sente
¶ Of freshe Sarasins ther came a rouse
That beset the knyght aboute
With hastes and bowes bente
Knyght as they daryng shoude haue be
¶ There came rydying knynges thre
On beastes that were wylde
One on a Leoparde, and one on a Unicorne
¶

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And on a loun, the same day,
They elles come to beate
the knyghtes sough as they were wode
And fewe all that before them fode
Great wonder it is to se
The heathen knyghtes fewe the thers
the Sarasyns that counted were
A hurye thousand and thre
Syr Isenbras them prayed thare
that they woldc with hym fare
All nyght with hym to be
Fader they sayde with misverintente
The grace of God vs therfere seate
Theyne owne sonnes we be
we ne wyl hewe we hym ther came
But for to saue you fro shame
As goddes wyl was
ye be our mother that vs bare
And ye oure fader sochly are
Men call you syr Isenbras
they sayde make we ioyfull cheare
To our chylren that we set ere
Our wech beginneth to walke
In a chamber fayne and bright
Theit ayre was comely dighte
In many a worthy wede
They lacked no maner of thynge
Golde, siluer, nor ryche clothinges
they had all thynge at nedes
They landes after they dyd wryt
And christened all that was therewyn.

D. 66.

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Then was kynges by Alenbarg
Of maner welch ther ever he was
In a comgouf of his care
To every sonne he gatne a lande
And crowned hym kyng with his hande
Whyle they together were
The eldest sonne was in succye
Chosen chefe of Chpualcye
Is kyng and gouernour
the seconde sonne Thortip to saye
In an Isle called Iaffare
Reygnd with great honouer
The yongest brother was crowned kyng
Of Calabre without leasyng
Thus regned ther all thre
And when it pleased God of hys myght
they all deparcked in heauens lyght
To the whiche bring vs the trinitie
Amen, amen, for charicte.

Finis.

Imprynted at London, by me
William Copland.



